
George's advice and not advertised. How did I come to know so much, anyhow, about women, bother him.

George's voice was heard, and George again appeared in the doorway. "What do you want, anyhow?" he asked. "What would suit you? Here are six separate girls." "Oh," I interrupted, for I confessed I was annoyed, "I understood they were Siamese sextuplets!" He staggered back.

gether in one breath (I have heard of one handkerchief per family, but one breath) that it was the very place. And how they had come in the Spruce and Woodland avenue car, and it had taken them nearly forty-five minutes.

All this time my dear little Carol—I beg your pardon, there is that wrong end again—and all this time the little girl sat there just as quiet as a mouse, which pleased me very much.

And all the time that donkey stood there firing remark after remark I sat and sat and felt foolish. I don't know why. Finally he went back to his work whistling "Love Comes Like a Summer High." The young idiot! Fortunately I had a business engagement and managed to get out. So the revolution began.

Monday morning at 8 o'clock Miss Nelson appeared, demure and slightly nervous. So was I. George was in the

rested, too. How's ma?"

"Very lonely without you. She sent me to go with you to lunch so that you would not think that we had forgotten her."

"Oh, that will be nice," said Carol. And Ma said as it was your first day should be a little extravagant in our honor."

"That's splendid. I'll see if I can go."

It was only revenge. The days came and left, as visitors will. Our own individuality is the only way we can reasonably count upon in the world as sure to remain. For six weeks my little copyist came daily and did her work with neatness and despatch. For six weeks her copy came almost as regularly at various times through the day. Ma would drop in (ma used to drop in and

And then he would shake and rattle and quote: "O woman, woman, woman," or repeat: "Well, pet-u-son's big?" or "Dearie, sauerkraut baby. Come home with me," or "Oh, darling, is the boss just as much on you as ever?" or some like idiom remark that he had coined out of his immense brain.

...us a tidy lot of silver and is
...to the wedding. Dear old boy,
...ly his way. Carol says it is his
...brins.

...er sister says she felt in her in-
...ould what would happen when she
...any advertisement.

...wants to know what I will do for
...er office girl. I certainly shan't
...her other daughter. —Josephine
...man in Philadelphia Press.